MARGRET HOWTH.
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THE GREAT ORIGINAL NOVEL.

☞ See next Page.

VOL. 5. NO. 120

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

APRIL 12,

1862.

COÖPERATION.

A. L.—"Good Boy! I guess we'll make a Tub of it that'll stand on its own bottom, yet."

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OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mc Arone.

WINCHESTER, April 3d.

ITSOME VANITY :—Here, at the scene of my latest victory, I sit down to record the doings of my brave soldiers and their noble-souled commander.

I did not dally long in flippant pleasures at the rose-embowered cottage on the margin of the Neuse river. As I indicated in my last, the male portion of the family unexpectedly arrived; and a little difficulty arose, which resulted in the removal of a head from the shoulders of a young person....a brother of the three pretty girls....

It was a military necessity.

My popularity lessening, in consequence, I took a guard of three hundred thousand men, and started on a reconnoissance in force to Mexico.

Passing over the Erie Railroad to New London, I took the Morris Canal for Philadelphia, but in the valley of the Shenandoah, was attacked by the left wing of JACKSON's Rebel army, then in retreat to Manassas.

JACKSON said, "if he had been making a forward movement, he would have let me alone and run away; but he wouldn't let any man interfere with him when he was on the run already. It was too dear a privilege, and no Southern soldier would give it up."

I replied, "Come on, dern yer!"

He came on.

The cannon thundered like blazes, and the musketry blazed like thunder. My undaunted soldiery marched into battle chanting their wild war-song:

"Intery, mintery, cutery, corn;
Apple-seed and apple thorn;
Wire, briar, limber lock,
Five geese in a flock, etc."

The effect was terrific, but sublime....

General JACKSON was seized with a bilious complaint.

A young lieutenant of Light Quadroons, a member of my staff, performed prodigies of valor....

Most people do, in battle.

I did.

Once, a large shell fell close by me. My staff-officers were grouped in picturesque attitudes about me. If the murderous missile had exploded then and there, we should have been candidates for mahogany overcoats with silver-headed buttons....

But you can't scare a McARONE with a mere bomb-shell....

Quick as thought....maybe quicker....I drew forth my delicate, perfumed, lace-edged linen-cambric handkerchief....I have eight dozen such....and wrapping it tightly around the shell, held it secure while it burst.

The pieces, of course, being contained in the *mouchoir*, could not fly, and not only my brave companions, but....what was much more important....myself escaped injury.

Such is genius!

Still, I do not boast.

Like Governor PICKENS, of South Carolina, I "was born insensible to fear."

Unlike him, however, I am not insensible to common decency.

The Rebels evinced less desperation than my own men, but far more discretion.

They ran away.

By this means, great loss of life was saved.

As about one-half of their number was killed, wounded, and captured, I was in favor of letting the balance slide. My comrades, however, insisted on pursuing them.

"Gentlemen," said I; "let us be humane. Don't let's crowd the mourners."

"Sire," said my young lieutenant, "the arch-Rebel, JACKSON, has made a spittoon out of the skull of my grand-uncle, killed at Bull Run. I ask permission only to avenge my relative."

"What wouldst thou, brave swell?" I asked.

"I desire but to sup on JACKSON!"

I could not refuse.

The enemy were pursued by a detachment of brass-mounted dragoons, led by the lieutenant.

But it is of no use to try....you can't outrun Rebels.

My lieutenant, however, caught a platoon of twenty men who were ambushed, and wrung their necks.

He felt better, then.

Desiring to retaliate a little further, he took the skull of one of the Confederate officers, found dead on the field, to make a tobacco-box of.

On sawing off the top, he found it all ready for the reception of the fine-cut....

It was entirely empty....

I believe I said that it was the skull of a Confederate.

And I am

McARONE.

"TRULY RURAL."

The fact is not generally known, and would not be generally credited without irrefragable testimony, but it is no less a fact that there is an exquisite and daintily-organised Arcadian shepherd on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*. This flowery personage lounges and languishes habitually among the rarest hot-house sentences. He is so full of perfumes and tints, that, in token of the latter quality, he might with great propriety be called "a respectable colored person"—that is, if his color were respectable, but it isn't, he lays it on so heavily. A column of matter from the monopetalous pen of this gentleman—whom we take the liberty of naming STREPHON—is streaked with such gracious and seductive hues, as to entirely eclipse the chromatic emblems usually seen in front of tonsorial emporia. (We think we have caught his style.) From one of his fragile and airy creations, we venture to pluck the subjoined pensile flowers of rhetoric, which we find blossoming at the top of an article rather unpromisingly entitled "Spring Fashions for 1862"—we don't know the botanical name:

"As in the woodlands from between dreary ridges in the yet brown earth peer the tender crocuses, the pensive primroses, and pale blue violets—those faintly throbbing pulses of the new Spring life—so all at once has there burst forth in the windows of Broadway, rows of soft-hued muslins, dainty cambrics, and delicate silks; while guarded from the fitful blasts of March by protecting plate glass, gossamer hats herald to the throng of passers-by the speedy advent of the sweet season of "ethereal mildness." To metropolitan minds these are the harbingers of Spring, as plainly outspoken as are the silent floral messengers to the eager child of nature who interprets that universal mother through the most touching tracings of her beneficent hand."

This "eager child of nature"—the said STREPHON—goes on to say

"One soft March day to the recognition of Faith comes freighted with messages from balmy May and the "perfect days" of sunny June; a breath of Spring steals in, greeting one beside the glowing anthracite, and bears with it so subtle a power that one feels a longing for a wider expanse of sky, for green carpeted meadows, and the tremulous fragrance of early Spring-time blooms."

A certain vague impression that we (with STREPHON's assistance) may possibly be boring the reader, induces us to cull but one more exotic:

"The Spring of 1862 demands delicate hues, shades tender as the thought of a May-day reverie; summons azures hazy as sky tints when

"Heaven puts on the blue of May."

dreamy greens liquid and lustreless, pensive leaf colors as the foundation for cheerful enlivenment; thoughtful *mode*, dovelike and lovely; buffs like Spring sunshine filtered through refining crystals, and above all pure white, whose modest claims have of late been too much disregarded."

Yes, we think "the whites" have been disregarded altogether too much in this country, while "the blacks" have been altogether too fashionable. We trust the Spring Fashions of 1862 will bring about a reform in these matters. In the meanwhile, dear STREPHON, treat us to a neat thing—occasionally. It is entertaining to have nature written about in counter-jumper style.

Right by Accident.

A French engineer, discussing in French English the subject of the new floating battery, or steam ram, spoke of it as "von great Mail Sheep."

IN SPITE OF THE TAX BILL.

Reckless Lover.—"DEAREST SAPPHIRA, NOTWITHSTANDING THE INCREASED TAXATION UPON DRESSES, JEWELRY, WATCHES, WILL YOU, O, WILL YOU BE MINE."

What Yancey Brought.

Miss YANCEY, who really did get to New Orleans after all, made a speech there the other day, from the balcony of the St. Charles Hotel, in which he informed his hearers that, so far as European intervention was concerned, the goose of the C. S. A. was certainly cooked, and the geese of the same distinctly dished. The causes assigned by Miss YANCEY for this very melancholy state of things are certainly peculiar. Here they are :

"England was too thoroughly abolitionized, *and France feared the great Davis as a dangerous rival.*"

In addition to the above valuable bit of information, it may not be uninteresting to state that BARNUM's hippopotamus is mightily afraid of a stickleback in one of the Aquaria, and trembles violently all over whenever the name of his "dangerous rival" is mentioned in his presence.

"Don't See It."

The *Home Journal* is publishing a story not a line in which, it says, "will vibrate unpleasantly upon the ear of the most sensitive daughter of EVE." The sweet tale, we are further told, is "an airy gem of spoken flowers," whatever that may be.

We asked our Book Reviewer, who is reading the story, whether he has yet discovered the "airy gem."

"Nary gem!" said that sarcastic person, dipping his pen afresh in the gall which he is accustomed to use as a writing-fluid.

A Fillip for Phillips.

Although WENDELL PHILLIPS has been lecturing for years against slavery, he says he was never so disgusted with the yolk as when that last egg hit him at Cincinnati.

A DESPERATE CHARACTER.

As the following account has appeared in almost every daily and weekly paper for the last month, it is probably destitute of foundation in fact; but we see fit to reproduce it in VANITY FAIR on account of certain suggestions contained in it :—

A remarkable individual lives in the town of Solon, Maine. His head is apparently destitute of the reasoning and moral faculties. His countenance is utterly expressionless, and yet he has an astonishing memory. He can relate with marvellous accuracy all sorts of incidents of his experience, never forgets anything, and can repeat whole pages after one or two hearings. Still he is as simple as an utter fool in nearly every respect.

We deny that the individual above described is "remarkable" on account of his possessing a head "apparently destitute of the reasoning and moral faculties," and a "countenance utterly expressionless." Go to any church, to any theatre, to the opera, to a lecture at Clinton Hall, to a euphemism of the savory Ethiop at the Cooper Institute, to BARNUM's Museum on a Thanksgiving Day, and you will see hundreds of persons with heads and features exactly answering to those attributed to the Solon man, and who, yet, have never been published to the world as remarkable individuals." We reject the idea of the Solon man being "remarkable" because he "can relate with marvellous accuracy all sorts of incidents of his experience, and repeat whole pages after one or two hearings." Thousands of persons belonging to the terrific guild of Bores do all this, and more too, every day of their undesirable existence, and most of the nights, and that without being looked upon as "remarkable," but rather the reverse. We laugh to scorn the supposition that because the Solon man is "as simple as an utter fool in nearly every respect," he should therefore be entitled to the benefits accruing to an individual from the application of the adjective "remarkable." There are utter fools—ay, and uttering fools enough in our community, Goodness knows! as the girls say, and certainly we do not remember having ever heard them characterized as "remarkable" on that account. Of course there are exceptions to this, as to other general rules. The Editor of the *Tribune*, for instance, has, we believe, found a niche in some paper temple or other dedicated to the "remarkable" men of the day, while, although by no manner of means a Solon man, he is considered by a good many competent authorities to be "as simple as an utter fool in nearly every respect." Finally, although we decline to admit that the addle-headed idiot and bore who resides in the "town of Solon, Maine," is a bit less desirable as a companion than dozens who don't, we must express our surprise that SOLON, who has generally been looked upon as a smart man, can tolerate the presence of that individual upon his premises.

ABO BO LITION.

ABO BO LITION (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke one night not very well at ease,
And saw within the shadow of his room,
Making it mean, and like a stink-weed in bloom,
A devil writing in a book of brass :
Exceeding cant had made Bo LITION an ass
And to the shadow he said, a little pale,
"What scribblest thou?" The phantom raised its tail,
And answered with a leer of sour discord,
"The names of those who own JEFF DAVIS Lord."
"And is mine one?" said ABO. "Not quite so,"
Replied the devil. ABO spoke more low
But cheerly still, aching to grasp his pen,
"Write me as one who hates the Union then."

The devil wrote and vamosed. The next night
He came again—this time a little tight—
And showed the names who served JEFF DAVIS best,
And lo! Bo LITION's name led all the rest.

Literary.

We look anxiously for the appearance of a forthcoming work by VICTOR HUGO, entitled "Les Miserables." What can it be all about? we wonder—can it be a series of biographs of the leaders of rebellion in the United States?

OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

The cold-blooded atrocities committed by French writers upon the English language have long been porcupine quills and thorns in the sensitive cuticles of English and American writers. The immortal SHAKE-PEARE, for instance, is always quoted by French critics as one "WILLIAMS," while our excellent friend of boyhood's brightsome days, R. CRUSOE, is usually referred to by the same inversive writers under the patronymic of "ROBINSON." This is hard to bear: this is one of the trials to which poor, weak humanity is more or less subject in its driftings down the river of tears by the feeble-minded infelicitously termed "Life." But "this" is Hybloean honey-drops and sweet cider in comparison with the calf's head hash served up to us by a sprightly young contributor to one of the Parisian serious almanacks. That sprightly young *bel-esprit*—he must be *very* young—goes a short way into American literature, during his flounders in which he makes the curious discovery that "Horse-Shoe Robinson" is so called after the celebrated *solitaire* of Juan Fernandez, one of whose remarkable adventures was the startling apparition of the "horse-shoe track upon the sand!"

The Cockney upon Snow-Shoes.

The London *Illustrated News* has always been particularly strong upon American people, manners and things; but one of the best specimens of its information in this direction that we have yet seen is the description lately furnished by it of the well-known snow-shoe of the North. "Snow-shoes," says the cockney writer, "are *cane pattens* to prevent the feet sinking in the snow."

"Cane pattens!" Shades of several generations of aboriginal grandmothers!

We must not be surprised should the same brilliant writer at any time state that "the canoe of the Indian is constructed of the bark of the Esquimaux Dog"—although any American four-year-old could inform him that the Esquimaux dog has no bark.

An Immense Success off Charleston.

The United States War Steamer *Florida*, one of the Charleston Blockading Squadron, was fortunate enough to overhaul the U. S. transport *Oriental*, bound from Port Royal to New York, last week. As this is the first prize made off Charleston harbor, (notwithstanding the fact that a line of rebel steamers runs regularly between that port and Nassau N. P.,) Secretary WELLES is proportionably elated. By firing into our own vessels now and then the blockade captains will at least prove that they are not asleep.

Sentiment: by "A Constant Reader."

The counties of Carteret and Craven, in North Carolina, are like newspaper correspondents....at least, they Lie About the Neuse!

Personal.

AL-X-D-R C-MM-GS. Return the $140,000 to your heart-broken Uncle, and all shall be forgiver. DAWES.

THE FOGIE OLD.

An Old Fogie dozed in his office chair
He was one of the genus that "runs to hair:"
Grave and solemn of mien was he
White his beard as a beard could be,
While his top-knot grey as an ancient seer's
Was a caution to barbers and *perruquiers*,
And the thing he looked most like beneath the moon,
Was a used up, unfunny Pantaloon
O! this Fogie Old.

Now this ancient person had ships in charge,
Quantities of them both small and large,
And they came, or went, or staid, at his nod
As they might at the wink of a demigod.
Slow was he both of thought and deed,
"Go-ahead" was no part of his creed;
Things to be done right off in a week,
Were but half begun by this *verd antique*,
O! this Fogie Old.

As a postmaster once in an inland town,
He had won, it was said, some small renown,
And his land mail practice, his only boast,
Was the reason they gave him a naval post.
It was *apropos*, for the roads on land
Are so *like* the roads that our fleets command,
And shipping the mail on its inland trips,
Gives a man *such* a knowledge of mailed ships!
O! this Fogie Old.

Now some rascals a monster of iron mould
Built to tackle the craft of this Fogie Old,
Who supposing the matter a myth or joke
Still relied on his vessels of worm-worn oak!
"They are old and tough," he exclaimed "like me,"
So he went it blind, and they went to sea.
On the strength of the adage—you've heard the tale—
He cast his *tubs* to the iron whale,
O! this Fogie Old.

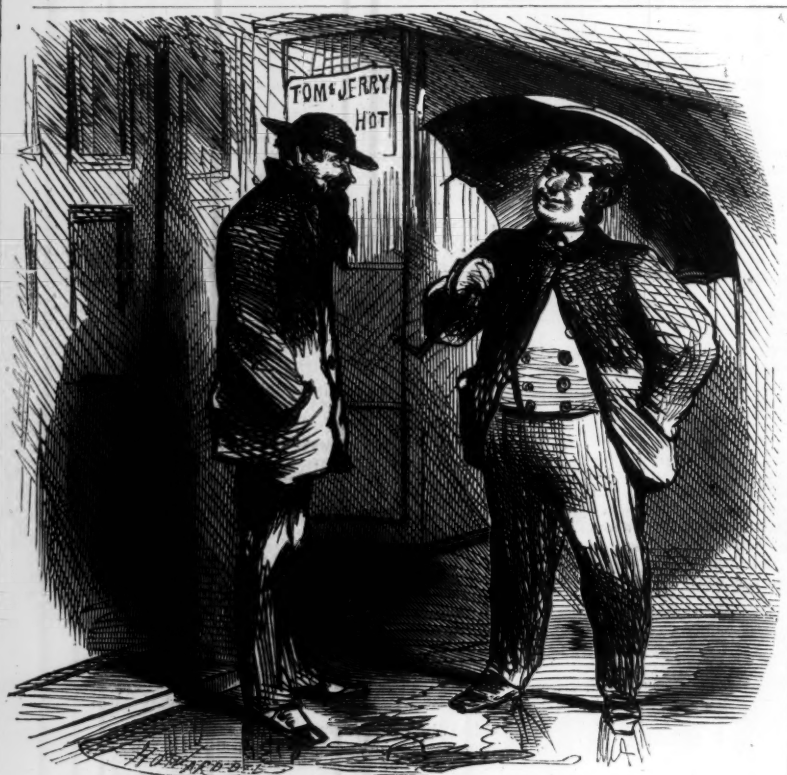
When the monster came, as the Fogie should
Have suspected before, it swamped the wood,
But the *Salt* of the Earth—from a town inland—
Till the thing was done couldn't understand.
And of chartering iron he never spoke,
Having always believed in the Charter Oak,
And that boughs of wood in a vessel's keel,
Were a blamed sight better than bows of steel;
O! this Fogie Old.

When a privateer one of our ports got in,
As she lay like a bottle inside a bin,
He remarked to himself, "Well we have her now
She will never get out again, any how;
'Twas a good strategic move I'll swear,
Thus to let her slip past us, unaware;"
Then to pass the time till the next great news,
He turned in for a Rip Van Winkle snooze,
O! this Fogie Old.

But to do him justice, before he slept
He proposed a look out should be duly kept
For the pirate craft, and to watch her sails
He selected a couple of Naval snails
That a mile couldn't run to the pirates three;
"But two ships to one is great odds," said he,
As he drew his cap o'er his white *toupeé*
And began to slumber this "old man gray"—
O! this Fogie Old.

The vile privateer, an accursed thing,
That among our commerce had had her swing,
Escaped out of port like a racer spry
While the tubs, like two hippopotami
Floundered along in her wake—ho! ho!
How her skipper laughed at those coaches slow.
But the man with the beard so large and white,
Didn't sleep any worse let us hope, that night!
O! the Fogie Old.

And the Fogie old still his place retains,
(For Court influence farther goes than brains,)
And he'll care no more for this skreed of verse,
Than his brother-in-law for the public purse.
But if ever he quits (which he won't) his post,
V. F. knows the one which would suit him most.
Let the slowest of all slow State machines
Be made Flag Commodore of the horse marines!
O! the Fogie Old.



THE MARCH OF METAL.

Party with Umbrella.—"WHERE'S YOUR UMBRELLA, JACK? YOU'LL GET WET TO THE SKIN."

Other Party.—"NOT IF I KNOW IT. I WEAR IRON NEXT TO THE SKIN, NOW; AN IRON UNDER-SHIRT, IRON DRAWERS, AND MY SOCKS ARE COPPER-BOTTOMED AND FASTENED."

More Truth than Poetry.

In an article upon education, the Daily *Times* says:

"It is not merely in nurseries, but in hot-beds that we compel the young idea to shoot."

Both the hot-beds and the shooting may be applied to the self-education of New York, in another sense than that in which the *Times* applies it to our Public Schools. Such hot-beds as the Concert Saloons are stirred up and fostered into fester by such vice cultivators as the *Herald*, for instance, and the sprouts that shoot up from them do their shooting very effectually sometimes, as in the case of the waiter-girl shot at by a ruffian one night last week.

Fashionable Intelligence.

One of our up-town hotels was fortunate enough to bag three lords last week—Lord EDWARD P. CLINTON, Lord EDWARD CAVENDISH and Lord A. CECIL. It is hoped that the lords were satisfied with the landlord's commons. The well-known American Piers, No. 1, 2, and 3 North River have been much visited by the *ton* of late.

A Fish Story.

"I'm a soused GARNET," gasped the rebel colonel of that name, to his confrere General JACKSON, thus misquoting SHAKESPEARE as they ran through Strasburgh. "Well," sputtered JACKSON, looking askance at his dusty and perspiring fellow runaway, "you are certainly in a pickle."

How to Reduce "Ten."

Bring it into decimal fractions.

THE COMIC STATESMAN.

So long as we do not stand still we progress. We may go forward, backward, or to the right or left, still we progress. Somebody has ventured the opinion that the world progresses. America is beyond a doubt a veritable progresser. Its progress has completely thrown in the shade that of BUNYAN'S celebrated Pilgrim. The statesmen of our day have stepped a little to one side of the substantial path to fame marked out by the founders of the Republic and trodden steadily by their successors until now. We do not believe that any school-boy imagines that the venerated members of the first Congress whiled away the hours of their sessions by proposing conundrums to one another, or dispensing comic ideas after the manner of DANIEL RICE, or JOSEPH PENTLAND. They may have done so—everything almost is possible—still we aver again that no pure-minded district scholar associates any such doings as these in his mind when reading of their proceedings on several momentous occasions. The JOHNNIES and TOMMIES of 1875, however, will have to look upon the Congressmen of to-day—the blood-sunned day of the nation—as not only upright, energetic, patriotic, but also comic statesmen. Some of the members of the House, if reports be true, need only the clown's cap and bells to become eminent as Public Jesters. To be funny is the ambition of many representatives at Washington—to do a bit of buffoonery is in their esteem an exceedingly large thing. The common-place drolleries occasioned by the recent debate on the proposed Tax bill were equal to the best seasoned gags of the East Side Theatres.

The Comic Statesman must hereafter shine in history. Wit in legislative assemblies, at the bar, and on the bench is well-established by precedent the most illustrious, but the underdone punster never appeared in public debate before the year 1862—or if he did he found the entrance to oblivion wide open before him the moment after his *début*, and went in boots and all.

However, we do not wish to discourage humor at the Capitol—on the contrary we should only be too glad to see the country sending to Congress all the professed gagmen that can be found.

As a specimen of the style of thing got off now and then in the National Council Chambers we append the following, taken substantially from a telegram not long since.

MEMBER FROM SOMEWHERE.—What is the definition of a Juggler?

MEMBER FROM ELSEWHERE.—A man who owns a Jug.

Nothing can excel the dreary originality of the above powerful Congressional *mot*. The best specimens of Capitol joking are among those classed as indelicate inuendoes. The refined indecency of some of the remarks is seldom equalled even in a community of fast men.

Lest Congressmen should run out their supply of simple comicalities before the session is fairly over, VANITY FAIR proposes the following toothsome quirks made expressly for the purpose, after the pattern of those that have achieved the largest success in the Federal Capitol. The author is a lad of dense stupidity, holding the position of Factotum to a high and dry old law firm not far from Jauncey Court, Wall Street:

Apropos of amendments to the Tax bill.

1. To tax eggs by the gross would surely be a Grocer piece of injustice than this body is capable of.

2. As to the hen, all I have to say is that the hen has not Henny thing to say about it.

If clowns, jesters, and the like are to be taxed, I wish to know why nothing is to be imposed upon the Wag in a dog's tail?

N. B.—V. F. thinks this may be a trifle too good for Congressional use—so we beg to take it back.

3. Why not tax the Taxidermists?

4. Query. Among the vehicles on which a duty has been placed is there any mention of *cartes de visite?*

5. To tax corn in the ear would be nonsense—you might as well levy on the "Green in your eye."

6. Will authors as well as editors be made to come up to the Scratch?

The Factotum will be happy to supply members with witticisms privately by post, on receipt of six cents each for the number desired.

OUR SENTIMENTS.

Jolly Tar (to V. F.,)—"Here's that old lubber Welles a ruinin' of our Navy! What's to be done with him, Skipper?"

V. F.—"Off with his head—So much for Buckingham!"

A SCRAP FROM MANASSAS.

VANITY FAIR will wager a Jester's Bauble against a peck of Confederate shinplasters—which is equivalent to staking a jewelled sceptre against a rag-picker's hook—that the following metrical missive, said to have been picked up in an army hut at Manassas Gap, formerly occupied by Capt. BOBADIL BELZEBUB BOLT, of the Opelousas Ogres, was written during one of those Pythonic paroxysms into which Southern young ladies occasionally throw themselves by a process known in the Dixian classics as "digging":—

DEAR BELZY,

Your letter has made me feel good,
Being writ, as you say, with a Lincolnite's blood.
I hope, BELZ, you scalped him alive, I declare,
And wiped your pen dry on his infamous hair.
As my inkstand is broken, and times are so dull
Father won't buy another, just send me his skull,
And I'll saw off the top, and with ink fill it up,
Of the hue of his brain—black republican pup!
Send me also a few mudsill teeth, white and clear—
They are quite at a premium for rosaries here—
With some nice finger-bones—they are exquisite things,
When polished and crossed, to append to the strings,
And 'tis really improving to have in one's pew
Such aids to devotion—so send me some, do.
Moreover, I want, should you have any left,
Three or four pairs of ears from the heads you have cleft;
They would make such appropriate Secession cockades,
And are easier to get, too, than ribbons and braids.
Save me likewise some whiskers, the next time you kill,
Say sufficient the rocking-chair cushion to fill;
For of *wool* for such purpose we haven't enough,
Now the Feds have enticed off POMP, DINAH and CUFF.
As leather is scarce here, and dear too besides,
Express me a few abolitionist hides;
I can soon have them tanned, and to gaiter-boots turned,
And if there's a luxury for which I have yearned,
'Tis to trample, yes *trample*—revenge is so sweet!—
Skins of flayed black republicans under my feet.
Those scalps that you say are beginning to wilt,
Forward when they are dry, for my Yankee-scalp-quilt.
Only think, dearest BELZ, how delightful 'twill seem
Under Northerners' paltry of vict'ry to dream.
We hear you are drawing the miscreants South,
To perish of sun-stroke, and fever, and drouth.
We girls of their bones, when the buzzards have dined,
Will a pyramid build, to astonish mankind,
And show to the future, by proofs *bona fide*,
That the daughters of Dixie can "do things up tidy."
Hoping, BELZY, you'll give the vile Lincolnites—well,
Just the whipping they *should* have,

Yours, IMOGENE YELL.

Fiat Justitia.

An Entire Stranger requests us to publish the following explanation of the recent statement that the Southern envoy, MASON appeared on the floor of the British Parliament, in a state of intoxication. The Stranger says that MASON has for some time been experimenting toward the manufacture of a "perfect" article of "brick," and, after a morning spent in industriously "moistening his clay," had inadvertedly brought a "specimen" in his hat to the House.

A Miser-able Quip.

JENKS, now restored to his wonted state of mind, says, he fervently trusts that the numerous presentations of costly side-arms, by a grateful people to our gallant officers, will not have the effect of making the recipients a sworded set of men.

Archœological.

The latest news from the South is that "VAN DORN and JEFF. THOMPSON are concentrating a large force at Pocahontas Ark., preparatory to an attack upon the Federals at New-Madrid."

It appears from the above that Pocahontas, Ark., like NOAH'S Ark, is at present a receptacle for beasts and creeping things.

Severe, but Just.

JENKS, continuing to bear malice, says, that the attempted resuscitation of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable reminds him forcibly of FALSTAFF'S death, the chief feature of both being much "babble of green FIELD'S."

NUTS FOR NATURAL HISTORIANS.

BY PICUS MARTIUS.

RELATIONS OF REBELLION TO ZOOLOGY.

The animal most strangely affected by the Rebellion is assuredly the RAM.

Incredible as it may appear, the RAM has undergone a series of transformations, both functional and organic.

In the first place, he has—in the words of "the divine WILLIAMS"—"suffered a sea change." Instead of disporting on the verdant mead, he now rampages over the deep, like unto the leviathan. In other words, very like a whale.

Again, he is worse than a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is a very hard case. In fact, a case of iron.

Another peculiarity developed in the RAM by the Rebellion, is a decidedly homicidal or manslaughterous proclivity. This, however, is not very strange, when we recollect that ARAM was a notorious murderer in the last century.

A learned friend who deals in marine stores as a recreation for his lighter hours, has just assured me that the RAM is also an article in his line. And upon my asking an explanation, he reminded me that the RAM was a remarkably strong butter. This is so.

The Rebels first, in this country, made the RAM a hard case. This they were able to do with the greater ease, from their familiarity with the habits of the "creature."

There are, doubtless, many curious facts worthy of remark, with reference to the influence of the present crisis, on the horse, the bull, the ass, the gorilla, the what-is-it, the Abolitionist, and many of the other beasts.

But time, space, opportunity, and a total ignorance of what further remarks to make, rather interfere with my further indulging the readers of V. F. at present.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Rebellion Record: Part XIV. New York: G. P. PUTNAM, *No. 532 Broadway.*

This number of the War Record, in addition to the large amount of documentary and other evidence of our new, if not delightful, state of affairs here, contains two excellent steel-engraved portraits One of Gen. HALLECK, bluff, and portly, and inconsistent, we should say, with the personal comfort of Secessionists in general. The other of handsome, gentle, much-lamented THEODORE WINTHROP, the loss of whom, and of the like of whom, could not be made good by a whole wilderness of emancipated Ethiops—*causa teterrima belli.*

New York State Army List. April, 1862. *New York:* CONGREVE, DARWENT, & WHITEFORD, *No. 335 Broadway.*

This useful little publication is a "detector" in its way. We fail to find in it the names of several swaggering persons who have been travelling upon sword and spurs for some time past—dining upon aurescent shoulder-straps, and dipping the beak of the unscathed helmet in the gratuitous goblet extended to the "noble preserver of his country." This little book is therefore entitled to consideration, just as the bank detector is. There be sham warriors as well as bogus bills, and it is good to keep a sharp look-out for both.

The Parlor Gardener. Boston: J. E. TILTON & Co.

This neatly got up little book, which is further described as "A Treatise on the House Culture of Ornamental Plants," is deftly translated from the French by "CORNELIA I. RANDOLPH, of Virginia." As a hardware dealer of this city, enthusiastic upon wheeled skates, sets forth in his advertisements "Every Parlor a Pond," so does this treatise admonish the tasteful reader that every chamber in a house may be converted into a parterre. We confess to a preference, in our domestic arrangements, for the parterre over the pond. We never could see the object of having a parlor converted into a pool for wading about in upon wheeled skates; while, by converting one into a parterre, economy in the carpet item would be secured, and one would always have a "spare bed" for a friend. As we skimmed lightly over the "Parlor Gardener," we thought for a moment that the skating pond and parterre might perhaps be combined. But we were mistaken; and our mistake arose from a hasty glance at the words—"Slips in the Warm Portable Greenhouse," which, on consideration, do not appear to refer to anything upon ice, however.

VANITY FAIR TO THE DEVIL.

VANITY FAIR OFFICE,
116 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
April 5, 1862.

SIR :—You will overlook, I am sure, my presumption in addressing so eminent a personage as yourself on account of the intelligence I have to communicate. And as this intelligence must be very gratifying indeed to you, but is far from being so to me, I trust, moreover, that my motives in writing will appear to you (as they really are,) wholly disinterested.

You must be aware that a rebellion now distracts the country in which I have the honor to "circulate." I say that you must be aware of this because I make no doubt that the numerous rebel embassadors who have recently presented themselves at your Court have apprised you of the fact. Personally as well as officially you doubtless regard this rebellion as a very superior thing. This is a point, however, which I do not propose to discuss. My object in now writing to you is to call your attention to some developments of Southern character growing out of the rebellion which the rebel embassadors aforementioned, in their native modesty, have probably not alluded to at all. The fact is, sir, that within the past year these Southern rebels have repeatedly shown themselves to be worthy of your highest esteem and consideration. In all their intercourse with the Union troops they have exhibited a refinement and courtesy peculiar, I am sure, to the people of your section of country alone. At Ball's Bluff, you may remember, they managed to kill a good many Northern men. These they were good enough to leave unburied on the field of battle. Too generous and high-spirited to disturb the dead (except for the laudable purpose of securing here and there a whole pair of trousers,) they left these bodies to rot in the sun and be carried away piecemeal by the obliging carrion crows of the neighborhood. Impelled by charity and the thirst for trousers' these high-toned gentlemen of the South occasionally relieved the sufferings of our wounded, by kicking them to death with their heavy boots, thus smoothing for them the path that leads from Life into Eternity. One young hidalgo named GEORGE RITCHIE, whom I specially commend to your fostering care, earned for himself a brilliant reputation in in this way :

"Among the prisoners was GEORGE RITCHIE, the fiend who had accelerated the death of wounded Union soldiers at Ball's Bluff by stamping upon them. One instance which is stamped upon his soul as indelibly as the letters of blood upon the wall at BELSHAZZAR'S feast, is that of a poor wounded soldier, who had crawled upon his hands and knees to his house, and in piteous accents implored assistance. With brute-like ferocity RITCHIE jumped upon and kicked him to death, with such exclamations as, 'If they have not already killed you, I'll do it!'"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

At Bull Run the same regard for all that you, sir, hold highest and best was observed. Rebellious gentlemen, after the battle, wiled away their leisure hours in camp in carving neat little trinkets and *objets de vertu* from the bones of deceased Unionists. The skull of the Northerner was found to make a capital drinking-cup, and soon became quite the thing at Manassas Junction. Some of the inscriptions on these cups combined taste with fancy. "Sic semper tyrannis," as exhibiting in its application both of these qualities in highest degree, naturally found the greatest favor. When the stock of bleached bones on hand gave out, the burning of newly-made corpses came into vogue, and would probably have long continued the fashion but for the odor resulting from the process, which finally drove the Southern gentlemen from their pleasing diversions.

The females of Rebeldom, you will be glad to know, sir, were not lacking in that nobility of character which distinguished the males. With that tropical luxuriance of sentiment characteristic of the daughters of the South, these wrote continually to their husbands and sweethearts at the wars to send them home a "Yankee's heart," as a sweet souvenir and token of a love that can never die.

And as in these few instances so everywhere ; at Pea Ridge, (where amiability of an extraordinary nature, comprising willingness to scalp, was exhibited toward us,) in Kentucky, Tennessee, and elsewhere.

I know, sir, that your heart instinctively warms to the people whose deeds I have here recorded. I trust that you will consider it merely the result of an imperfect education when I state that mine doesn't warm to them at all. Not a drop. And the people of the North are in the same predicament. The rebel chevaliers are quite as conscious of this fact as we are, and recent events show that they have resolved to secede not only from the United States, but from the world itself. Congenial society is to them a necessity, and where can they find it save with you and your dear, delightful demons? Nowhere. They have made up their minds, accordingly, to abide henceforward with you ; to bask ever more in the sunshine of Satanic splendor. Some have already set off for your dominions and the rest will speedily follow. There isn't the slightest danger of your mistaking them for any other class of people, but, to make things sure, I send you this sketch which, as a family likeness exists amongst them, will do for one hundred regiments as well as for one.

You will entertain these new guests hospitably, I know, for their own sakes, and treat them to all the luxuries at your command. Their rooms would all be very well warmed, of course. I should see, if I were you, that Mr. FLOYD had his sulphur cocktail regularly every morning, and although I don't want to interfere, I beg to suggest that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS needs a good deal of pitchfork, hot, at intervals throughout the day. His system really requires it.

Congratulating you, sir, upon this addition to your large and elegant assortment of fiends, I remain anything but

Yours,

Vanity Fair.

To
LUCIFER SATAN, ESQ.,
3 BRIMSTONE SQUARE,
HADES.

The "Age of Iron."

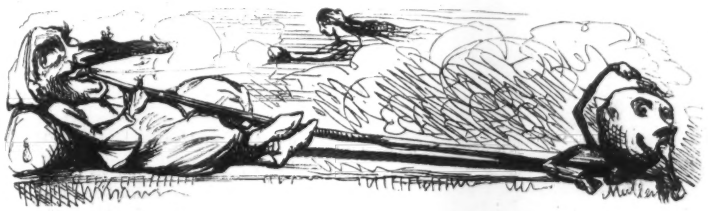
We frequently hear the above expression made use of since the war brought hardware into such requisition. "Old Iron" is also often referred to by junk dealers. Nothing that we have yet heard, however, has given us so good an idea of how old iron must be as the advertisement of a coach-maker who announces that he has taken out a patent for "Corrugated axles."

"Just Once."

"They say that Miss * * *, on being introduced to HORACE GREELEY, actually kissed him!" said the Landlady ; "what a forward minx!"

"Yes," answered X. ; "but you know GREELEY likes Forward Movements!"

Bath Oriental.



1. O a mixed community of persons! O Manahattanese!
   Sauntering on Broadway, or loafing out beyond the ferries, here are unwholesome faces.
   The lamentable face of the money-broker—the man whose victuals don't seem to agree with each other, neither with him, except he speculates well.
   The face of the down-town merchant, who has passed several suffering nights disturbed by the agonizing cries of a shapeless child.
   The smug, dew-lapped faces of the tragedians, irresistably funny; and of the komedians, who act as if they had heard some very bad news
   The doughy faces of infants, the flabby faces of Pater and Mater Familias.
   The dyspeptic faces from Konnecticut, the shaved, blanched faces of Brooklyn ministers and Academy directors.
   The faces of men and women other than dyspeptic, the faces that are innocent —of soap.
   The face of the brutish Koboo called the Common Councilman, and of the incalculably dirty Kelt.
   The thick-lipped mugs of the venerable and harmless men of Ethiopia.
   Is there anything worse than a whole community with bodies apparently subject to HACKLEY, HOPE and HAWS, city contractors for insuring dirt?

2. Ripsnortez! Ripsnortez!
   I swear I go the whole ticket for those who are introducing us to the Turkish Bath.
   You, Moslem men and women who come hither from Konstantinople to teach us to be clean, how are you?
   I see the lithe-fingered tellaks, I count the profits from the Kahvé to be attached to the establishment.
   Profits from the buffets of the ladies' department.
   Profits from the buffets bestowed upon my body by the swarthy eyed tellaks in the shampoo.
   I see MAHOMET is going to be our profit.
   I see you, you Directors of the Turkish Bath Company. I don't see anybody else, except the Secretary and General Manager, perhaps.
3. Take off your duds, and I will mine, and we will go in for a righteous wash.
   We will take sixty baths, including the process of shampooing, at one dollar.
   Or one hundred baths, dispensing with the services of the tellaks, at fifty cents.
   I swear I will not shirk any part of the process.
   The peculiar substance which closes up the pores of the skin cannot be removed by simple immersion in soap and water, but here there is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage.
   Large and melodious thoughts descend upon me with the slender, spasmic jets of the tepid, blue-white water.
   I see the butter-colored chips flying off in great flakes and slivers.
   By Jingo! they are like little rolls of human vermicelli.
   Dulcemente! Dulcemente!
   I swear I don't know whether I am standing on my head or on my heels. My feet strike a tangent of a segment of the après-midi rainbow.
   I wait unseen and always, and snooze through the lethargic mist.
   I experience the manipulation of the expert tellaks. Only themselves understand themselves and the like of themselves.
   Punching with balsamic blows the anatomy of the human frame; the deltoid, and the latissimus dorsi, and the miceps buscle.
   But I walk or sit indifferent—I am satisfied. I am as one disembodied, triumphant.
   I confer with spirits equally with me washed. They invite me to partake of a little spirits-and-water with them in the Kahvé attached to the establishment.

4. I see no longer the lamentable faces.
   The faces like those of the most blear-eyed and daddering idiots they have at the Asylum.
   Nor the dyspeptic faces, nor the face of the incalculably dirty Kelt.
   (What have I to do with lamentation?)
   I would see this Moslem institution established not only in the Manahatta, but in every city of These States, inland and seaboard.
   With edifices, and rules, and trustees, and other strict arguments.
   Financially considered, there can be no question that it will be a profitable investment.
   Celebrate with me, O enfans prepared for the Turkish Bath!

A HICKORY NUT FOR THE "HERALD."

The legislative action tardily taken by the Albany Representatives with regard to the subterrene Halls of the *Herald's* Delight known as Concert Saloons, has just been accompanied with a charming incident. One of the fascinating waiter-girls was tranquilly shot at with a pistol, and wounded, by a volatile person who gave his name as JAMES FRANCIS NORMAND, and described himself as having no other occupation in particular than that of cousin to Secretary SEWARD. This, if true, will turn out rather to the advantage of Secretary SEWARD than otherwise, for the assassinine man who claims kin with him remarked on being taken into custody, that his diabolical attempt at murder "would maybe finish up the concert saloon business"—some of the credit of which "finish" would thus attach itself to the Secretary. Should this consummation so devoutly to be wished for arise from an apparent atrocity, then may murder, indeed, be "considered as one of the fine arts." Then may the *Herald* come out with strong leaders upon the new and efficient method of "finishing up business" with a few sharp touches of steel and lead, in the style of its *protégé* of the subterrene den. Then all will be serene, if no longer subterrene, and, although the noxious dens shall have ceased to exist, the *Herald* may yet live, may yet give the cue to the gay and interesting rowdy, and may yet bring about a state of earthly things in comparison with which the Concert Saloon would shine like a vision of angels performing virtuous music upon golden harps.

A Great Bore.

The Artesian Well at Fortress Monroe has now reached the remarkable depth of 385 feet; but this is not half as great a Bore as the other Welles up the Potomac. If both continue to progress as slowly as they have done, we fear they will never accomplish much in their aquarian operations. The Secretary of the Navy, however, has many apologists, and not a few are believers in the proverb that "all are Wells that end WELLES." These have strong faith that the greater bore will come to an end in time—which will be a good time when it comes.

Interesting to Army Tailors.

Island No. 10, the telegraph informs us, is *lined* with forts, the rebels are *hemmed* in, and the *outskirts fringed* with timber, etc. This material for a coat of mail the Rebels design to use for a Round-about, but if the Federals get hold of it they will probably make a Sack of it.

A Statute Mile.

The Tax Bill proposes to tax railway passengers by the mile, from which arises the query—How many passengers go to a mile?

From our Deep Thinker.

A man may stir up the fire with an umbrella, but he cannot keep the rain off his person with a poker.

What our Navy Needs.

Washing and Ironing.